



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

METRICAL WAIFS

FROM

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

By D. WYLIE.

2

BROOKVILLE:
PRINTED AT THE "RECORDER" OFFICE.

MDCCCLXIX.

LP PS 8455. Y47 M4

68W 5855 W89M

METRICAL WAITS

PREPATORY

THE THOUGHTS OF THE

has in last century. The description of
number of years have found missing. Others
have been omitted. Incompleteness. Many of
the books were written. Some were not
all of them have been found in the same
place. The explanation is
documentary. The year 1870.
is intended to be for the year 1870.
1870.

1870.

1870.

1870.

1870.

1870.

T
coll
has
num
hav
the
all o
pap
deed
is in
Pub
B

PREFATORY.

THE AUTHOR being repeatedly solicited to collect his Poems and issue them in Book Form, has at last consented. On examination, a number of pieces were found missing; others have been omitted intentionally. Many of the Poems were written twenty years ago, and all of them have been printed in various newspapers of the Dominion. This explanation is deemed necessary. The volume, however, is intended more for Private Friends than Public Sale.

BROCKVILLE, MAY, 1869.

LIST OF CONTENTS:

1	THE PREFACE
2	THE INTRODUCTION
3	THE HISTORY OF THE
4	THE HISTORY OF THE
5	THE HISTORY OF THE
6	THE HISTORY OF THE
7	THE HISTORY OF THE
8	THE HISTORY OF THE
9	THE HISTORY OF THE
10	THE HISTORY OF THE
11	THE HISTORY OF THE
12	THE HISTORY OF THE
13	THE HISTORY OF THE
14	THE HISTORY OF THE
15	THE HISTORY OF THE
16	THE HISTORY OF THE
17	THE HISTORY OF THE
18	THE HISTORY OF THE
19	THE HISTORY OF THE
20	THE HISTORY OF THE
21	THE HISTORY OF THE
22	THE HISTORY OF THE
23	THE HISTORY OF THE
24	THE HISTORY OF THE
25	THE HISTORY OF THE
26	THE HISTORY OF THE
27	THE HISTORY OF THE
28	THE HISTORY OF THE
29	THE HISTORY OF THE
30	THE HISTORY OF THE
31	THE HISTORY OF THE
32	THE HISTORY OF THE
33	THE HISTORY OF THE
34	THE HISTORY OF THE
35	THE HISTORY OF THE
36	THE HISTORY OF THE
37	THE HISTORY OF THE
38	THE HISTORY OF THE
39	THE HISTORY OF THE
40	THE HISTORY OF THE
41	THE HISTORY OF THE
42	THE HISTORY OF THE
43	THE HISTORY OF THE
44	THE HISTORY OF THE
45	THE HISTORY OF THE
46	THE HISTORY OF THE
47	THE HISTORY OF THE
48	THE HISTORY OF THE
49	THE HISTORY OF THE
50	THE HISTORY OF THE
51	THE HISTORY OF THE
52	THE HISTORY OF THE
53	THE HISTORY OF THE
54	THE HISTORY OF THE
55	THE HISTORY OF THE
56	THE HISTORY OF THE
57	THE HISTORY OF THE
58	THE HISTORY OF THE
59	THE HISTORY OF THE
60	THE HISTORY OF THE
61	THE HISTORY OF THE
62	THE HISTORY OF THE
63	THE HISTORY OF THE
64	THE HISTORY OF THE
65	THE HISTORY OF THE
66	THE HISTORY OF THE
67	THE HISTORY OF THE
68	THE HISTORY OF THE
69	THE HISTORY OF THE
70	THE HISTORY OF THE
71	THE HISTORY OF THE
72	THE HISTORY OF THE
73	THE HISTORY OF THE
74	THE HISTORY OF THE
75	THE HISTORY OF THE
76	THE HISTORY OF THE
77	THE HISTORY OF THE
78	THE HISTORY OF THE
79	THE HISTORY OF THE
80	THE HISTORY OF THE
81	THE HISTORY OF THE
82	THE HISTORY OF THE
83	THE HISTORY OF THE
84	THE HISTORY OF THE
85	THE HISTORY OF THE
86	THE HISTORY OF THE
87	THE HISTORY OF THE
88	THE HISTORY OF THE
89	THE HISTORY OF THE
90	THE HISTORY OF THE
91	THE HISTORY OF THE
92	THE HISTORY OF THE
93	THE HISTORY OF THE
94	THE HISTORY OF THE
95	THE HISTORY OF THE
96	THE HISTORY OF THE
97	THE HISTORY OF THE
98	THE HISTORY OF THE
99	THE HISTORY OF THE
100	THE HISTORY OF THE

T
 M
 M
 M
 S
 O
 G
 W
 Jo
 T
 A
 To
 Th
 Th
 Cu
 Lin
 Th
 Ver
 Th
 Th
 At
 Old
 The
 Fair
 Sigh
 The
 St. A
 "A
 A S
 The
 The
 O, w
 Feel
 Hym
 Come
 Major

LIST OF CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
The Farewell - - - - -	1
My Forest Land - - - - -	2
Mother - - - - -	2
Mother—Farewell - - - - -	4
Speak Kindly to a Child - - - - -	5
Ode on the Press - - - - -	7
God's Gifts to Man - - - - -	9
Winter - - - - -	11
John Frost - - - - -	12
The Shove - - - - -	13
A Dirge - - - - -	14
To the Eden—A Fragment - - - - -	15
The Paukie Laird - - - - -	16
The Last Leaf on The Tree - - - - -	17
Curling Song - - - - -	18
Lines On A Dying Boy - - - - -	18
The Past—Hope - - - - -	19
Verses on a Willow - - - - -	20
The Autumn Wind - - - - -	21
The Fallen Leaf - - - - -	21
At Home I'd Like to Dee - - - - -	22
Old England We'll Defend - - - - -	23
The Deceived - - - - -	24
Fair Ann - - - - -	25
Sigh Not - - - - -	25
The Busy Season - - - - -	26
St. Andrew's Day - - - - -	27
"Another of The Same" - - - - -	28
A Social Song - - - - -	29
The Drunken Mother - - - - -	29
The Daughter's Appeal - - - - -	30
O, Why Am I Sae Sad? - - - - -	31
Feel For The Poor - - - - -	32
Hymn For Missions - - - - -	33
Come To Sabbath School - - - - -	34
Masons' and Oddfellows' Pillars - - - - -	34

	PAGE.
A Welcome	35
To A. W.	36
The Answer	37
The True Friend	39
The "Transcript" Libel Fund	39
Hear Ye The Rod	40
Men of Canada	41
A Canadian's Greeting to Boston	42
Darkest Hour Precedes the Day	42
The Drunkard's Building	44
Youths' Dreams	46
Volunteer Marching Song	48
The Last Of Its Race	49
Canada and New Brunswick	50
The Press Association	51
The Dear Ones At Home	55
The Boat Minstrel	56
The Parting	57
Press Poem	58
My Hearth And Home	61

PAGE.

-	35
-	36
-	37
-	39
-	39
-	40
-	41
-	42
-	42
-	44
-	46
-	48
-	49
-	50
-	51
-	55
-	56
-	57
-	58
-	61

Metrical Waits.

STEWART & LLOYD

Wholesale and Retail

THE LONDON

STREET, LONDON

METRICAL WAITS

FROM THE

Thousand Islands.

THE FAREWELL.

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND.

There was silence at parting, and woe in the heart,
For feelings, warm feelings, o'erflowed;
As kindred and country receded from view—
The last look was the keenest bestowed.

Then blame not the tear, though it starts to the eye,
For the stream whence it issues is pure;
It is shed in remembrance of dear fatherland,
That land of the mountain and moor.

The tight barque we blame not, as quickly she flies
From the shores of our late happy home,
And from friendship begun in youth's happiest days;
Ah! no; 'tis our fate that we roam

Ah! Scotland, my country, wherever I be,
My heart with fond wishes will burn:
In weal or in woe, Scotland's welfare is mine;
And I'll sigh for my early return.

Farewell, then, awhile, cease fond heart to beat:
Thy dear image I'll often recall;
But this truth can never be absent from me—
The last look was the keenest of all.

MY FOREST LAND.

O tell me not of sunny lands
 Where snow is never seen !
 Of spicy gales and fragrant trees,
 With branches ever green ;
 Such scenes may please the languishing,
 But bold hearts spurn their spells—
 Give me the land where winter reigns
 In snow roads and sleigh bells.

Some sing of lands where purling brooks
 Are all the streams they boast,
 Where craggy mountains clothed in mist
 Protect their sterile coast ;—
 Give me the land where inland seas
 And giant rivers sweep,
 And where from Niagara's falls
 A deluge meets the deep.

Give me the land where forests rise
 With towering heads and high ;
 Where leaves in Autumn's mellow sun,
 Reflect the tinted sky.
 Our own dear land, our Canada,
 A land of freedom strong !
 Then join with me this song to raise,
 And sound it loud and long.

MOTHER.

Dear mother, oft when night has spread
 Her mantle o'er the earth,
 My musing mind reverts with joy
 To our once happy hearth ;
 And e'er life's sad realities
 My happy dream has broke,
 I see thee toil, as was thy wont,
 For thy small orphan flock.

And I can still remember well—
The heartfelt, holy strain,
That from our fireside altar went
With no earth-grovelling stain ;
But pure as incense ever rose
From man to God above,
That he would teach thy little ones
The lesson of His love

Thine were no measured words of lore,
Clothed in scholastic fire,
No hidden thoughts were unexpressed,
Of hatred or of ire ;
But rather blessings sought for those
Who wronged the fatherless—
So simple, yet so full of love,
And godly righteousness.

And as thy children round thee flocked,
And tears flowed from thine eyes,
Our sympathy to see thee thus
Broke forth in feeble cries—
'Twas then thy fervent heart burst forth,
In holy wrestlings there,
That God would guard thy orphan ones
In answer to thy prayer.

Thy little ones are scattered now—
They've sought them other lands,
And one sleeps 'neath the burning soil
Where Burmah's temple stands ;
And age-flakes whiten now thy brow—
Time-furrowed is thy cheek—
Yet well I know thy heart is pure,
Thy spirit still as meek.

And nobly hast thou borne thy load
Through many darksome years,
But lovelier still thou seem'st to me,
As life's last day appears.

MOTHER—FAREWELL.

Oh! may thy children learn of thee,
 To walk in holy love,
 The pathway of God's sainted ones,
 To Zion's home above.

Now conscience-pangs vibrate my heart,
 When I think on the past,
 That stubborn act or sinful word,
 Deep sorrow o'er thee cast.
 Oh! little knew I of the cares
 And struggles of thy lot,
 When death wed thee to widowhood,
 In our lone humble cot.

Now in my vision's fancy, oft
 I press thee for thy kiss,
 Then lay my head upon thy lap,
 That thou thy boy may'st bless;
 And then my arms around thy neck,
 With eager haste I place,
 And trace love in each lineament
 Of thy hope-speaking face.

MOTHER—FAREWELL.

The Author's mother having visited Canada, the following verses were written on her leaving for her home in Scotland.

Mother—farewell! how sad the thoughts
 Which spring up in the mind;
 A thousand words would quicker flow,
 Than those two utterance find;
 And if I ne'er in this lone world
 Look on thy face again,
 The image of thy humble form
 Fond memory will retain.

And days and years may come and go,
 And human hopes may pall,
 But from the tablet of my heart
 Thy features ne'er shall fall:

SPEAK KINDLY TO A CHILD.

5.

So long as life-blood warms my veins,
Be I on land or sea,
Mother! I never can forget
To love and think of thee.

Mother—Farewell! my beating heart,
Racked as it is with pain,
Clings to one hope—one only hope
That we may meet again—
When, from all nations round God's Throne
Voices are raised in prayer;
That hope—that only hope is this,
To meet thee, Mother, there!

Then, fare-thee-well, thy waving hand
Throws memory back to youth,
When led by thee, thou taught me how
To love and speak the truth;
And deep instilled into my heart,
Honor to God and thee—
That hand now waves a last adieu!—
God guide thee o'er the sea.

SPEAK KINDLY TO A CHILD.

O speak to children kindly,
For painful is their sigh;
O do not thoughtlessly e'er bring
The tear into their eye;
They have their yearnings, their dislikes,
They have their hopes and fears;
O never treat them harshly,
To bring their youthful tears.

Their feelings pure and tender,
So innocent and soft—
They take for earnest all you say—
Their eyes are open you oft

L.
e following
in Scotland.

SPEAK KINDLY TO A CHILD:

And should you use them kindly,
 Nor teach them aught of strife,
 'Twill yield till ripest manhood,
 Sweet dreams of early life.

Whatever they now look upon,
 Is pure and good to them,
 Whether the lowliest flower on earth,
 Or heaven's clearest gem.
 They take all things for what they seem —
 Would-be to them is truth;
 The sheep-cloak of hypocrisy
 Seems verity to youth.

That heart belongs not to the good,
 To show its pride and power,
 Would crush the spirit of a child,
 To rule it for an hour
 Or would, with inward thought of hate,
 Chide, whether right or wrong,
 And sinfully exert a power
 They dare not with the strong.

Remember they are filling up
 The vacancies we leave;
 The lessons which we teach them now
 Around their hearts they weave.
 The habits we encase them in,
 May cover them in shame,
 Or wave around them gloriously,
 In honour and in fame.

Chide gently when they go astray,
 Their tears will tell their grief;
 Remember those which harshness brings,
 Give anger but relief.
 The first will quell the stubborn heart,
 The second feedeth fires,
 May leaven evil with their thoughts,
 Long after they are sires.

We
 As t
 The
 Four
 Let
 And
 I kn
 Did-

In a
 How
 Then

To tr
 For i
 In de
 The
 Lay,

I would not for the world's wealth,
 Deal harshly with a child,
 Or try to blight its budding mind,
 Though frolicksome and wild ;
 But kindly I would lead them
 To the fount for sinful man,
 And meekly ask for them a place
 In God's redeeming plan.

Then would blest shadows flit across
 Their pleasant path of life,
 Their yearnings would be heavenward,
 Amid the world's strife.
 A peaceful heart—a placid brow,
 And thoughts serene and mild—
 Are trophies which I wish, when I
 Speak kindly to a child.

ODE ON THE PRESS,

*Delivered on the Anniversary Festival of the Montreal
 Typographical Society, 1848.*

We meet as men of *letters*, though we work by *rule and line*,
 As tyros of a noble art we bow at *Coster's* shrine ;
 The *father* of all *chapels*—the *proof-sheet* of our race,
 Foundation of the Printing Press, creator of the *case*.
 Let each man glory in his toil—I glory in my own,
 And here a hundred hearts respond, "you glory not alone."
 I know you feel as I do now—life would be barrenness,
 Did we *Canadians* not enjoy, a free unfettered Press.

In ages past, inquiring men, no lettered page could tell
 How feeble nations rose to power—how powerful nations fell ;
 Then was the poor man's right of mind—for teacher there was
 none,

To trace the printed page, or tell what wonders had been done.
 For in those mind-mist centuries of ages long gone by,
 In deep recess of cloistered cell, hid from the peasant's eye,
 The knowledge of a thousand years, in damp and dusty dress,
 Lay, known to few, till light burst forth all glorious from the
 Press.

Though pen-illumined pages oft brought forth responding praise,
 They only shadowed out our art—were but precursor rays
 Of brighter beams of wide-spread light, to quicken darkened
 man,
 When Faust and Coeter's far seen minds had perfected a plan.
 When from the face of mystic lore the thick veil could be cast,
 And tyrant lords and unjust laws be numbered with the past,
 That like the hoar-mist on the hill, the warm sun maketh less,
 The chains which shackled liberty, be molten by the Press.

Upborne by might from heaven, from a feeble twinkling ray,
 The art which makes men wise and great, has sprung forth
 into day;
 The engine which defends the right—oppose its power who
 can—
 Throws world-illuminators round in science-cultured man.
 Oh, think we of the giant minds, upheaving in their strength,
 Whom nation after nation crushed, the world's breadth and
 length;
 And of the ignorance dispelled—the mental mistiness,
 When printing rent the rock of thought, as rose the mighty
 Press.

How could our great discoverers, who roamed from sea to sea,
 Proclaim what nation's sons were slaves, what nation's sons
 were free,
 Or publish to the land-locked sage the wonders of the deep,
 Had not the Printing Press been roused from its primeval
 sleep.
 What but for it, the writer's power? the orator, what he?
 The patriot, bard, philosopher—pressless—fameless would be.
 What fields of truth are opened up, which all before seemed
 guess,
 What intellectual fragrance flows in *broad-sides* from the Press.

A literary garden, the world has now become,
 But tend the flower-beds as we lay, rank weeds there will be
 some;
 But as the issuing leaves burst forth, and as we scan each page
 Let's gather but the fairest flowers to beautify the age.

This pruning means not that our art was raised to shackle-
mind,

But that the grosser particles give place to more refined :
That superstition, crime and vice—a nation's rottenness—
Should yield to truth's resplendent stream, clear gushing from
the Press.

It gives us hearts, and heads, and pens, to scorn the tyrant
lord ;

It gives us victories nobler far than e'er was won by sword ;
It yet will bind around the earth a peace-uniting belt,
And hurl the idols from their thrones, to which war-spirits
knelt.

It gives us cause to magnify the blessings to us given ;
It warns us from the scorner's path, and leads us toward
heaven ,

It scatters seed, and gathers fruit, of peace and righteousness—
Oh, thank we God for boon so great—sin-levelling, virtuous
Press.

Oh, guard we well, this priceless gem, the Freedom of the
Press,

While higher in our scale we rise, and aim at happiness ;
Pass we the heir-loom to our seed—rich in its power for good,
'Twill show to ages yet to come, where freedom's bulwark
stood.

And mourn we when designing men abroad their poison throw,
To stop a nation's onward course from darkness and from wo ;
Who wield the power they thus possess, for sin or selfishness,
And make a nation bow before a base and servile Press.

GOD'S GIFTS TO MAN.

When God, amid the chaos deep which reigned,
Said—Let the light chase darkness from the earth ;
And when the morning stars, with joy unfeigned,
Sung forth their praises at the dazzling birth—
Then, when our globe of beauty was upreared,
Man, in the image of his God, appeared.

Breathed with his vital power, God gave man thought
 To scan the wondrous works which He had done ;
 And man, amid the various wonders, sought
 To utter praises to the Glorious One.
 Thus, *speech* at once flowed from his lisping tongue,
 In strains of an adoring, joyous song.

God said—and thus from heaven's hierarchy
 Came language from its Maker down to man ;
 God said—and man took up in ecstasy
 The stars of morning's song—creation's plan.
 So our Creator in the world's youth,
 Gave *tongue* to man that he might speak the truth.

Next, in the course of God's great gifts, was given—
 What theretofore was hid from Israel's ken—
 With God's finger in his throne in Heaven,
 The power that man might thenceforth use a pen.
 'Twas on Sinai's Mount, in mighty awe,
 God gave the *written* tablets of His Law.

At length, a light more glorious, burst the mist
 That hung in thickness o'er the sons of men ;
 Men—slaves in mind no more—the rod they kissed
 Was broke and scattered from the moment when
 The Art of *Printing* rose to bless the land—
 Another gift from the Almighty hand.

Now, a new era o'er the world was spread,
 And knowledge issued from its pent-up stream ;
 Long shackled nations from an age of dread,
 Awoke in wonder from their bondage-dream—
 And the strange lettered page to them became
 The bulwark of their nation and their name.

And from the moment of its mystic birth,
 The million minds a recognition had ;
 The march of freedom travelled round the earth,
 To guard fair liberty—inspire the sad.
 E'en then the Printing Art, with scatter'd leaves,
 Sowed seed which yielded ripened, yellow sheaves.

Yes, Heaven-born Printing! man owes much to thee,
 For thou to him art guardian, teacher, friend;
 Without thee he may live; but is he free,
 Or can he knowledge to his race extend?
 Ah, no! without thee he is poor and lone,
 For thou art wisdom's great memorial stone.

And now, wide streams of knowledge yearly flow,
 To lighten minds which otherwise were dark;
 And bring from hearts, in roughest frames, a glow
 That yet may light an intellectual spark—
 That long may dazzle 'mid the field of fame,
 And leave the man an honoured, endless name.

Well may we pray. this mil'ion-branching light
 May blight the root of sin's foul upas tree,
 And raise yet darkened nations from their night,
 And aid to make man what he ought to be—
 A being—while the earth is his abode—
 Who seeks the good of all, by serving God.

W I N T E R .

See where the proud St. Lawrence in his majesty has swept,
 Where on his bosom silently the bark-built canoe crept,
 Where midst its deep commotion the rapid waters rolled,
 Unbound by man's invention yet, or by his arm controll'd.

No ripple on its bosom now, no heaving billows roam,
 For northern spirits have come forth from out their frozen
 home,
 To show their power upon our shores, as they have done of
 old,
 With frozen locks and whitened robes, and fingers hard and
 cold.

On every lake and river, and on every hill and plain—
 On tree and bush, on shrub and flower, are breathings of the
 train;

Their influence is spread around, and felt by shivering forms,
Who crouch beneath a scanty garb, and shrink from winter
storms.

No flowers are in our gardens now—no rosy-buds peep forth,
For summer sweets are pris'ners to the tyrant of the north;
They weep in sorrow for their fate—their tears are not of
mirth—

They fall in snowy flakes, and form a shroud for mother earth.

But look we to the river now, there's nothing there to tell
That 'neath its icy covering is felt the ocean's swell;
Or that upon its bosom sat proud ships from fatherland,
Think on it well:—for 'tis the work of an Almighty hand.

The summer flowers are lovely—so autumn's golden grain,
And spring has bursting moments, yet each may harbor pain;
Though white the locks of winter—with not a spot of green,
Still winter is the time when most the power of God is seen.

JOHN FROST.

Aff wi' your snaw bundle,
John Frost, John Frost,
Awa' wi' ye, trundle,
John Frost, John Frost,
For our sheds noo look queer,
And the wood's unco dear,
Sae oo't frae the land sheer,
John Frost, John Frost.

Our rough coats are thin, noo,
John Frost, John Frost,
Our furs are to skin, noo,
John Frost, John Frost,
We're short o' braid claith,
And your cauld biting breath
'Ill gae puir folk their death,
John Frost, John Frost.

We can scarce brag o' boots, noo,
 John Frost, John Frost,
 Our stockings are clouts, noo,
 John Frost, John Frost,
 Our bairns canna rin,
 For their bachel's o' shin
 Winna keep their taes in,
 John Frost, John Frost.

Gae' wa' to the North, noo,
 John Frost, John Frost,
 On your journey set forth, noo,
 John Frost, John Frost,
 Or the spring's glowrin sun
 'Till seek nae better fun
 Than to mak' your bluid run,
 Sae be aff, John Frost.

THE SHOVE.

From whence the mighty power?—who wields the lever
 That forces onward to the boundless main
 The winter garments of our lakes and streams?
 See where yon giant heap endeavors vainly
 To strive 'gainst the unseen propelling power,
 While down its sides small glittering icebergs fall—
 As if the ocean with large surfeiting
 Disgorged the million treasures of her womb.
 Say, are the spirits of the red men's chiefs
 Come from their happy hunting ground, their heav'n,
 Striving with up-pent fury of long ages
 To drive the pale oppressors from their shores;
 While from their bows the burning sunbeams dart
 With whirlwind force upon the crested waters,
 Telling with might upon the frozen mass?
 See, see, in whitened pyramids it sweeps
 O'er rapids and quick streams, as rocking fierce
 It floats on to the bosom of the deep,

There, drop by drop, slowly to render back
 To its wide mother sea, all its dear particles;
 Just as the dying Christian yields his soul
 In soft sweet breathings, to his Maker—God.

A DIRGE

For the late J. E. Mills, Esq., Mayor of Montreal, who died of fever contracted in attending to the comfort of poor suffering emigrants.

In sackcloth clothe the city,
 For her citizens are sad;
 Let Hochelaga's council-hall
 In mourning weeds be clad;—
 For the chief of all her people,
 Sleeps now the sleep of death—
 Man's last dread foe has chided us
 With his blighting, with'ring breath.

He died not on the battle field,
 'Mid drum and trumpet's din;
 Crowned with the laurels of the fight
 War-heroes love to win;
 The field on which he fell was love—
 Love to his God and men—
 The purest, noblest, highest field
 Within our mortal ken.

The mighty of the Colony
 Are falling one by one;
 Still true hearts rise as willing yet
 To do what they have done;—
 Looking defiance in the face
 Of famine fever's blast,
 So that they soothe the lonely ones
 Who on our shores are cast.

Mourn, Hochelaga, for thy Chief--
 The sacrifice is great;—
 Yet cheerfully he yielded to
 The issue of his fate!—

Submissive to God's will he bowed,
 And humbly kissed the rod ;
 For his heart was in his duty,
 And his trust was in his God.

TO THE EDEN.---A FRAGMENT.

The Eden is a small stream which takes its rise in Fifeshire, and, after wending its way through Cupar, the county town, continues its course amidst many picturesque and beautiful spots, till it falls into the sea, near the ancient city of St. Andrews.

Are there no blest spots in the East,*
 Nought for an intellectual feast ?
 Can Blebo Crag or Dura Den †
 Show no theme worthy of the pen ?

Can Eden's banks no youth inspire,
 To tune the reed or touch the lyre ;
 And tell in strains of po'sy fair—
 'Tis Paradise, if Edens there ?

Ther 's bank, and brae, and hill, and dell,
 Where high the poet's heart might swell ;
 To deck each spot, or field, or tree,
 With wreaths of laurel and po'sy ;

Or sacred bowers, to true love known,
 By bending bush, or mossy stone,
 Where love for love, or heart for heart,
 Have balm'd the wound by cupid's dart ;

Where doating lovers downcast tell
 The maids they love, they love, how well !
 And where, like echo to a name,
 The maid should aye repeat the same.

This should be so when virtue sways
 All the swain's actions—all he says ;

* "East Neuk of Fife" is a proverbial term in Scotland.

† Two romantic spots, where many of the Covenanters sought refuge during the persecution.

But where there's guile or fraud e'er seen,
Shun it, how fair soe'er its mien.

O let me ever wander near,
When wo or joy calls forth a tear ;
And keep by Eden's streamlet gem,
From Cupar down to Dura Den :—

Where still are reën the rugged caves
To which our fathers fled, like slaves,
When tyranny, with iron rod,
Sought to estrange them from their God.

THE PAUKIE LAIRD.

Do you see whare yon proud sta'ely ha' lifts its heid
An' the flower-specked lawn yields a crop for the steed,
An' forest and mountain seem meeting in strife ?
The laird was a wee ragged laddie in Fife.

The laddie ran aff frae his brose and his hame ;
Bare were his wee feet, an' toom his wee wame ;
A frien'less wee wand'rer—his wants they were rife,
The ragged wee laddie's that ran aff frae Fife.

The laddie was paukie, the laddie was sly ;
When questions were speer'd, the wee laddie look'd shy ;
His wee tongue could fleech or could cut like a knife,
Could the ragged wee laddie's that ran aff frae Fife.

He gat him a ship, an' he hied ower the sea,
Whare the water, an' win', an' the sky whiles agree—
Or can jar an' fa' oot, like the creatures o' life ;
At least thocht the wee ragged laddie frae Fife.

The laddie was eident, an' soon gat him on ;
An' often he thought on the moss and the stone
That rowin' gat nane :—so he settled him down
In a canny wee way, in a queer foreign toun.

In dealin', he hit on a sturdy wee plan,
 'Twas keep what ye get, an' catch what ye can :
 His climax was gainen, for he got a rich wife,
 Did the wee ragged laddie that ran aff frae Fife.

Now s... how he lolls in his saft seated coach,
 Wi' his siller gilt cane and his gold mounted brooch.
 Each youngster wha wishes to get on in life,
 Just think on the wee ragged laddie frae Fife.

THE LAST LEAF ON THE TREE.

Deserted and withered,
 No dear one beside thee;
 Thou'rt ripe to be gathered,
 Ah! who then could chide thee.
 Forsaken forever,
 Thy mates return never.

The northern king round thee
 His meshes is twining;
 And soon he'll surround thee
 With icicles shining.
 Thought gem-like—thou'lt shiver—
 Thy bloom returns never.

E'en so with man is it;
 Old age round him gathers;
 He, silver-crowned, drops
 In the grave of his fathers—
 The tomb is the token
 His sleep is unbroken.

Dark future before him,
 Man totters and stumbles;
 The proudest now going
 Death conquers and humbles:
 Then dearest ties sever,
 For youth returns never.

A CURLING SONG.

Our Northern King's gone forth,
 With his vassals in his train,
 See where, with silver flowers,
 He has strewed each hill and plain;
 Then call the curlers forth.

Our liege lord, old John Frost,
 Kept his vigil while we slept,
 And over loch and stream
 His minions they have crept.
 Then call the curlers forth.

On Tarvit's glassy pond,
 With its winter mantle white,
 A trusty band have met,
 With anxious hearts and light,
 A bonspiel to enjoy.

Now clear the rink for play,
 The keen, keen curlers cry,—
 The best shot now has gone,
 Good, within the ring she'll lie.
 The play has now begun.

Guard there, now draw her off,
 Sweep her up, and ease her run.
 Easy, easy—that's the tee!
 Hurrah, the game is won.
 Now for the beef and greens.

LINES

ON SEEING A DYING BOY COMPARE THE PICTURE OF A SKELETON
 WITH HIS WASTED FRAME.

The flaunting tulip and its hues of purple and of gold,
 That it when heaven's sun is high doth gaudily unfold;
 Grown in the cultur'd garden, or at the mountain foot,
 Spring from disease engendered deep within the parent root.

So like 'o thee, thou infant boy, tho' sickly pale thou art,
A gem is in thy youthful frame, of man the better part;
Thy mind's fru't, too, is ripened by the trouble of thy frame,
And with the aged and the young thy wisdom is the same.

A word thou hast for every one of comfort or advice,
A very friend to virtue, but a greater foe to vice,
Thou look'st hard at that picture of a skeleton to see
If in thy little fleshless limbs it aught resembles thee!

Yes, infant boy, thy portrait's there, though mind and matter's
gone,

Thy frame fades fast, and ah! too soon, thy mind will live alone:
A father's love hangs o'er thee now, a mother's care is near,
Yet all their prayers, and all their tears, were vain to keep thee
here.

How fondly do I turn to thee, in memory's sweetest page,
A very man in thought and word—in everything save age.
Thy mind has fled—thy matter gone; thy place is vacant now;
But still I pray, as oft I've done, for blessings on thy brow.

THE PAST.—HOPE.

Where now is *forty-eight*? Gone down the stream,
Like all the hopes I strung in boyhood's dream.
Oft in that sunny time I've laid me down,
And saw, in fancy, guardian angels crown
The lofty projects of my soaring mind,
While all of evil was left far behind—
Dream'd, ere I reached to three times ten,
I should be envied and admired of men!

Bubbles like these, I in my boyhood nurs'd;
Now I am three times ten—my bubble's burst;
Still, 'mid the bitter of my bitter cup,
Hope, from the bottom, smiling looks up.

Hope's like a tree, upon whose branches green,
Bud after bud—day after day—is seen;

The flower of yesterday, to-day it dies,
 Yet still the morrow bids new buds arise :—
 So 'tis with hope—gleam after gleam may fade,
 But others rise and quick dispel the shade.

The hoarding miser, o'er his golden store,
 Hopes to his much-already to add more ;
 The merchant, too, for something must contend—
 Hope is his anchor—his most constant friend.
 Hope walks attendant on mankind below,
 Whate'er his calling—or where'er he go :
 The poor man only, let it be confess'd,
 Hopes in his God—in heav'n is all his rest,
 And such is man, that in the world alone,
 He'll hope while living, and die hoping on.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A WILLOW NEAR THE GRAVE OF A
 DEPARTED FRIEND.

Yes ! weeping willow, hang thy head ;
 Mourn for the friend and father dead ;—
 Should earth rejoice, still weep thou on,
 And, whispering, sigh—'tis worth that's gone.

And as the evening zephyrs seek
 To kiss the tear drop from thy cheek,
 Tell them to bear where'er they go
 True friendship's loss—the widow's woe.

Time was—but ah ! that time has fled—
 When our young hearts in friendship wed,
 And all the earth to us seem'd gay,—
 For bask'd we in hope's flatt'ring ray.

Peace to thy ashes ! sleep thou on ;
 Earth's life has ebb'd—thy spirit gone
 To fairer fields than e'er we trod ;
 Body to dust—the soul to God.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

Chill autumn wind, has't no remorse or pity
 For the tall tenants of the forest wide?
 Say, does thy ruling spirits deem it pretty
 To lay their leaves and branches side by side?

There, in that nook, upon the mountain's breast,
 With leafy canopy above my head,
 I've mused on God's great work—then gone in quest
 Of thoughts among the living and the dead.

Before me in her curling, sparkling smiles,
 The ever-moving river flowed along,
 While on her shining bosom, with her wiles,
 The tiny barks were borne, 'mid purling song.

And there were tall masts that spoke to the eye
 Of far-off lands, and lost home of my youth,
 That from my quiv'ring heart would bring a sigh,
 When I remembered pledges formed in truth.

Oh, cease, then, autumn wind, nor tyrant play;
 Nor rob the heart-sick of their forest friends;
 If thou art strong, have mercy in thy day,
 For so God's dealing with the world tends.

THE FALLEN LEAF.

Whither now, thou tiny leaf,
 Wherefore in such haste?
 Oh, I see; the cruel wind
 Resting place wont let thee find,
 But makes the sorrow taste.

High a little while ago,
 Wedded to that bough:
 Now an outcast, toss'd about,
 Airy spirits laugh and shout
 To see thee treated so.

AT HAME I'D LIKE TO DEE.

Forced along against thy will
 From thy mountain home ;
 Hard's thy fate—no rest to know ;
 Onward, onward still ye go,
 And with the wind must roam.

There, at last, your journey's o'er,
 In foul ditch you lie ;
 And your "sear and yellow" face
 Hints to mortals of a place
 All reach—for all die.

 AT HAME I'D LIKE TO DEE.

The winter's gane, and soon, Jean,
 We'll saunter through the fields,
 An' pu' the springing buds, Jean,
 The willing warm earth yields.

The winter may be gane, Willie,
 And summer back again,
 But oh! the fields in Canada,
 Are no like them at hame.

We dinna hear the mavis,
 That whistled in the spring,
 Nor yet the lilting lav'rock
 That gart the muirlands ring.

An' weel ye ken the bonnie glens
 That lay around our cot,
 Were decked wi' mountain daisies,
 But here we hae them not.

Nae doot, the same wise Providence
 Surrounds us every where,
 But here there's muckle wickedness
 We'll look in vain for there.

I canna wander forth, Willie,
Though fair the fields may be,
I'd rather turn my thochts on hame,
An' wander 'cross the sea.

For there, ye ken, there's kindly hearts
Wha think on you an me,
An' should God will it as I wish,
At hame I'd like to dee.

OLD ENGLAND WE'LL DEFEND.

DEE.

The voice of war comes on the wind,
We hear its whisper nigh,
And should our country ask our aid,
Shall we refuse and fly?
Will Britons bow to any foe
When such a foe is wrong?
Oh, no! such dastard cowardice
To Britons can't belong.

Old England has a mother been,
And fostered us with care:
In all our troubles—all our griefs—
She's nobly born her share,
As children, then, our duty is,
In answer to her cry,
To join the shout, "for England yet
"We'll conquer or we'll die."

The deeds of Scotia's sons have aye
Been sounded forth by fame;
And Erin's trusty warriors
Have gained a martial name;
And Gaul's descendants round us
In apathy won't lie,
But nobly join and swell the shout,
"We'll for old England die!"

United thus, we may defy
 The haughty boast of those
 Whom ardently we wish as friends,
 And fear not as our foes :
 For the spirit of our fathers
 To tyranny won't bend !
 So, should war come, our watchword is—
 " Old England we'll defend !"

THE DECEIVED.

Oh, whisht ye, then my lovely bairn,
 I'll hap ye frae the blast
 That's driving in your mother's face
 Frae oot the cauldrie wast.

Oh, whisht ye, bonnie, bonnie lamb,
 Your mother's heart is sair
 To think that she should e'er hae faun
 Into the traitor's snare.

Oh, dinna cry, for ilka stoop
 Says, Mother, ye're to blam
 Oh, dinna cry, for ilka wail
 Tells o' your mother's shame.

Oh, was't for this your father ask'd
 That I should leave my hame,
 To rob me o' my peace o' mind,
 And blight a maiden's fame.

Oh, did my puir auld father ken,
 Or could my brother see,
 They'd mak your father sadly rue
 What he has done to me.

Oh, whisht ye, then, my bonnie bairn,
 The drift comes frae the wast,
 I'll perish, but I'll screen ye
 From its cauld bitter blast.

FAIR ANN.

What but fair Ann's eyes
 Keeps me always sighing?
 What but I'm in love
 Keeps me always dying?
 Fair Ann's eyes are dark,
 Fair Ann's lips are rosie,
 Teeth like pretty gems
 Braided wi' a posie.

Fair Ann looks sae kind,
 Nane there's half sae charming,
 Love shoots frae her e'en,
 Oh, wae me, take warning.
 On me would she smile,
 Open path to heav'n,
 A' the ills o' life
 To ithers would be driv'n.

Could my heart but tell
 A' the pangs that smart it,
 Kindly blinks frae Ann
 Frae care aye would part it.
 Her I darena blame,
 She ne'er had a fautie,
 Were I free to choose
 Ann would be my dautie.

SIGH NOT.

Sigh not thy youth away, love,
 All pleasure hath not flown:
 Ere summer comes again, love,
 I will call thee my own.

The flower which rude winds blast, love,
 May fall from off the stem,
 Yet warmth and sunny showers, love,
 Supply another gem:

THE BUSY SEASON.

And thou art dear to me, love,
 I'm happiest when thou'rt near;
 The thoughts of coming spring, love,
 Will stay the coming tear.

Let sorrow's gloom no more, love,
 In thy blue eyes be shown,
 For ere the summer comes, love,
 I will call thee my own.

 THE BUSY SEASON.

Dear Tim, I'm tired of Montreal,
 The why I'll give my reason;
 Meet whom I may, go where I will—
 With all here, it is busy season.

Examples, I will note a few:
 Your compliments I gave old Teeson,
 He grinn'd, and with a business bow
 Remark'd that it was busy season.

I went to friends, expecting tea,
 Their looks would almost make you freeze on—
 They said that now they nothing eat,
 Because, as how, 'twas busy season.

I called on Holdemfast and Co.,
 Expecting I'd have cash to seize on;
 The batch of Hardfists said—Pray call
 When we get through our busy season.

I met Bob Sweet, his beard unshaved,
 I said his chin seemed to have trees on;
 Chin, chin, trees, trees—no, none on hand!—
 With him I saw 'twas busy season.

I asked Miss Pink' about her beaux,
 She simper'd no one tried to please on,
 And yet you know her charms can tell
 That with them it is busy season.

Go to the clubs, a blank's the prize ;
 Seats erst that you were glad to squeeze on,
 May now be had for lying on ;—
 And all because 'tis busy season.

REFLECTION.

Oh man ! it may be that to-day
 Grim death thy head lays his decrees on,
 And then, prepared or not prepared,
 You can't avoid *His* busy season.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Auld Scotland's sons are hardy,
 Auld Scotland's sons are brave,
 Auld Scotland's blooming heather
 Was ne'er trod on by slave.
 Yet though her sons are hardy,
 Their hear's are ever warm,
 Their courage in the cot or camp
 Protects the weak from harm.

Auld Scotland's sons are loyal,
 Auld Scotland's sons are leal,
 Their queen they'd gladly die for,
 Next to their country's weal.
 They have no spot from north to south
 On which a foe could stand,
 For the proud earth in wrath would heave
 The tyrant from the land.

No traitor to his country
 Their patron saint will brook ;
 No traitor to his country
 On Andrew's cross will look.
 So while our saint we pledge in faith,
 May love our actions sway,
 And Scot wish Scot a happy time,
 Ti'l next St Andrew's day.

“ANOTHER OF THE SAME.”

Our early days were near the hills where heather bells are seen,
And echoing rills from mountain pass leap down on meadows
green,

And where the waving thistles grows :—stern in its native soil.
It makes the tyrant wish-to-crush, within itself recoil.

But scenes have changed, and other lands have now become
our home,

And strangers in an unco soil, from Scotland's hills we roam,
Yet God is our protector, as he was in days of yore,
When Andrew's flaunting cross came forth unharmed from
heathen shore.

As scions of so good a stem ; on this auspicious day
We meet in honour of our saint, and to him homage pay,
Yet, while we boast as being sons of earth where Andrew trod,
Let no vain glory lead us from the homage due to God.

Nor may we in our festival forget our humbler friends,
But freely share with them the gifts which bounteous Heaven
sends,

And cheer our country's wanderers, with outstretched open
hand,
Whose spirits grieve 'neath ripened woes far from their native
land.

Our country's honor may we guard, nor sully her high fame,
Be zealous for the weal of all who bear the Scottish name ;
And weave, with kind remembrances, a laurel for our dead,
Who died as Scotchmen ought to do, in battle or in bed.

Hurrah ! then, for the Thistle—for St. Andrew and his cross,
For Highlandmen and Lowlandmen,—from Berwick round to
Ross,

Uplift your voices—shout again !—as 'twere a Scottish fray,
Peace, health, and plenty to all friends—till next St. Andrew's
day.

ME."

ells are seen,
on meadows
s native soil.
coll.

now become

s we roam,
e,
armed from

ay
ge pay,
andrew trod,
God.

nds,
ous Heaven

atched open

heir native

gh fame,
name;
our dead,
bed.

his cross,
round to

sh fray,
Andrew's

A "SOCIAL" SONG.

Drink friends—the glass pass round,
There's woe within the bowl;
What though the devil in the end
Will claim the drunkard's soul.
There's fun in wine—
When sparkling fine;
A toast I'll give to-day—
"Our wives—old hags—
Our children's rags?"
So drink boys while we may.

Drink, friends—let no dull thought
Of care or grizzly sorrow,
Whisper to any "jolly dog,"
"Your head will ache to-morrow."
No, no such thing,
Let sense take wing;
While here we don't require it;
Twixt you and me,
Fools we would be,
Should ever we admire it.

Drink friends—our wives may weep,
We'll curse them should they grumble;
What though our children cry for bread—
We drink to keep them humble.
Come, come then boys,
We'll taste the joys,
Which bring their vot'ries sorrow.
What though our glee
Cause misery,
We'll think of that to-morrow!

THE DRUNKEN MOTHER.

Stay, lady, step aside with me
Into this humble place.
Start not! That form was fair as thine
And beauty in that face.—

THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL.

'Tis bloated now. You ask me, why ?
 The tale is on^e of sin ;
 She fell beneath that world's curse—
 Man-ruin-spreading gin.

Whose sickly little babe is that ?
 'Tis hers—yet there she lies ;
 The fondling-mother-feelings deaf
 To that sick infant's cries.
 'Tis but the shadow of a child ;
 Yet let the parent wake,
 Like aspen leaf, in summer breeze,
 That helpless thing will shake.

The husband—where is he ? you ask ;
 He toils from morn^g till night—
 Too often, when his work is o'er,
 He looks on that sad sight ;
 And lifts his baby in his arms
 To hush its feeble moan,
 And prays that God may guide its steps,
 For *mother*, it has none

O'h, lady, weep not—rather pray
 That this poor erring one
 May find a refuge yet from sin
 In God's own holy Son.
 Pray that the father, mother, child,
 Be found 'mid heaven's host ;
 And that the happy greeting be—
 " All here—no wanderer lost."

THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL.

O mother, throw that cup away,
 It is an evil thing ;
 There's venom in the subtle draught,
 Each drop contains a sting.
 It flattereth—then deceiveth ;
 And holdeth up to scorn

The victims of its deadly course—
The wretched and forlorn.

O mother, throw that cup away,
Or soon that little child
That looketh now so pleasantly,
So laughingly and mild;
May come to be, what God forbid
So sweet a thing should be,
The orphan of a drunkard
And a child of misery.

O mother, dearest mother,
These are not words of wrath;
My wish is but to show you how
To shun the drunkards path;
'Tis but the lesson I gave back
You taught me in my youth,
Ere that foul cup had wil'd you from
The path of God and truth.

O mother, dear, dear mother,
The day is drawing nigh,
When little babe, and you, and I,
In father's grave will lie:
And oh: think on the agony,
The anguish fear and gloom,
With which the drunkard's soul is filled
To hear the drunkard's doom.

O, WHY AM I SAE SAD?

O, why am I sae sad,
Why is my heart sae sair?
Say, if you'd mak' me glad,
I'll see my country mair;
For there the fondest ties,
A mother e'en can feel,
Under the turf there lies
In the land o' the leal.

FEEL FOR THE POOR.

O, dinna vex me sae ;
 This country's fair nae doubt ;
 Thochts o' my bairns bring wae,—
 I've nane to rin about.
 Wha hae our love to keep ;
 Wt' them the heart will be,
 For a blink o' where they sleep;
 O, I would cross the sea.

The trackless road is lang,
 An' storms may sleep aboon,
 The mermaid's sweet cave-sang
 May wile the ship to doom :
 A' dangers I would dare,
 An' cross the ocean wide,
 To snod my bairnies' lair,
 An' lay me by their side.

FEEL FOR THE POOR.

Feel for the poor, they are brothers and sisters :
 Their hearts can be warm, though their spare limbs be cold ;
 A thin garb may cover a mind that is noble,
 And hunger can tame the rich, powerful and bold.

Feel for the poor, they are sad and lone-hearted,
 And sorrow sits brooding within their damp walls ;
 No wood for the hearth—not a crumb in the cupboard,
 While children's bread-cry on the tortur'd heart falls.

Feel for the poor ; they are broken in spirit,
 For want and its minions have crossed their life path,
 And the ice-winds of winter have marked their lone dwellings,
 To spend on their windowless hovels their wrath.

Feel for the poor, ye in couches reclining,
 Remember the snows which in winter come down—
 Nor turn your warm bodies away at the wailing
 Of those who will ming'le their dust with your own.

Feel for the poor; they are scantily covered;
 Give something, give freely what ye can afford;
 Remember what Christ on his earth-mission taught us,—
 Who gives to the poor, only lends to the Lord.

HYMN FOR MISSIONS.

God of heaven, we will praise thee,
 That to us a Saviour's known;
 That for us he died and suffered;
 That we claim him as our own.

God, thy love to us exceedeth
 Far above what we can think:
 From thy Word we learn salvation,
 And from living waters drink.

Countless thousands of the heathen,
 Bowing still to stock and stone;
 Giving thus to man's invention
 Honor due to God alone.

Many cry "Come o'er and help us—
 Grant and teach us all you know;
 Let us fear of Christ and Heaven,
 How to shun the place of woe."

Can we, then, who know the blessing
 Of our Lord's redeeming grace,
 See them perish midst their idols,
 While they cry to see His face?

Of what sins we may be guilty,
 Against us let not this one stand—
 That when ask'd for heav'nly manna,
 We refused a famish'd land.

Lord, let not our missions' labours
 Rest, till every land rejoice,
 With the joyful songs of Zion,
 From a universal voice.

COME TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Come now, Robert, come away,
This is not a day for play ;
It is Sabbath, and you know,
All good boys to school should go.

The Lord who died for you and me,
When bad men nailed him to a tree,
Bids us leave off every sin
And wickedness, and flee to Him.

You'll be told what God has done,
In sending forth His only Son
To bear our sins, that we might be
Happy throughout eternity.

While on earth the Saviour said,
When children in His arms were laid,
"Suffer them to come"—what love!—
"For of such is heaven" above.

You know that we all must die—
Repent, and God will hear your cry ;
And when death and judgment's past,
A happy home is yours at last.

Come, then, Robert, come away,
In evil paths, oh, do not stay ;
Christ is asking you to go ;—
Will you, will you, answer No.

ODDFELLOWSHIP PILLARS.

Where is love by love entwined,
Where is heart with heart combined,
Where is sorrow's suffering cries,
Soothed by sympathizing sighs ?

Where do those who heart-sore mourn,
O'er the sad symbolic urn,

For he, who, while banded brother,
Taught us to love one another?

Where from all those springs of grief,
Can the joyless seek relief?
Seek it where enthroned are three—
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Faith to point the mind above;
Hope, to reach where all is love;
Charity, where sister, brother,
Fondly cling to one another.

In our temples these are seen,
Crowned with laurels ever green;
Thus, on earth, while plenty's giv'n,
Let us make our peace with Heav'n.

A WELCOME

TO LORD ELGIN, THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

Up, men of Canada, arise! the lord of Broomhall comes,
A scion of the noble Bruce, the boast of Scotia's sons,
Who fought for freedom, not for fame, a tyrant yoke to spurn
And taught his foe what freedom dared, on noted Bannockburn

Thanks be to God, those days of strife are now all but forgot,
Though freemen often turn with pride to that heath covered
spot;

'Tis heard but in tradition now, or cottage fireside books,
For spears and lances then arrayed are turned to pruning-hooks.

Though Bruce may call up Bannockburn, with many a noble
deed,

The marbles of his sire bespeak of praise as high a mead;
For science wields her mighty sway, and art has conquered
men,

And other feelings now possess men's hearts—though brave as
then.

But why go back to Bannockburn? is Elgin not the theme?
 A noble man, will noble be, whate'er his father's name:
 The actions, whether good or bad, tell what the heart will do,
 If noble, they enwreath themselves 'mid feelings deep and true.

Go ask the ebon-coloured son of Afric's golden shore,
 When down his iron chains were dashed—thick coated with
 his gore,
 Who reared for him and his (thenschool; and made him love
 the soil,
 Where long in galling yoke he groined, with overburden'd toil?

He comes to us admir'd, belov'd, by men of every shade,
 His laurels, be they ever green; his virtues never fade;
 So every man may bless the day the lord of Broomhall came,
 And Bruce and Elgin long be known for Canada and fame.

TO A. W.

I'm weary, Sandy, weary,
 O' this world and its strife:
 I'm weary, Sandy, weary—
 I'm weary o' this life.
 My cares seem getting younger,
 While I am getting auld;
 My ance fresh cheeks are furrow'd, noo—
 I feel I'm getting bauld.

I'm weary o' this world,
 O' it's misery and sin—
 It's spunkie lights o' witchery
 That draw the simple in.
 To marshy bogs o' wickedness,
 And covered pits o' woe,
 That picture forth the rottenness
 O' man's designing foe.

I'm weary, Sandy, weary,
 O' this dreigh and glaury road,

I'm draigled wi' deceitfulness,
 Whene'er I gang abroad,
 For mair that ithers flounder in,
 Jaups round on every side;
 And wha wad wear a robe o' white
 In their path maunna ride.
 I'm weary, Sandy, weary,
 O' this world and its ways;
 It isna like the earth it was,
 My gay and youthful days.
 Folks then could be depended on,
 But now there's nae sic thing;
 For evening promises when tried,
 Gin morning licht tak' wing.

I'm weary, Sandy, weary,
 An' tears come in my een,
 An' wumple o'er my wither'd cheeks
 Aft when they arena een.
 When thinkin' on the faithfu' hearts
 Struck by death's lightning flame,
 I feel I'm but a pilgrim here—
 An' Sandy, ye're the same.

THE ANSWER.

TO A. W.

Whan wae fu' mortals meet by chance,
 An' glower in ithers' face,
 A hand, gien wi' a willing heart,
 Maun be a freen's embrace;—
 I'd walk twa miles, e'en should I err,
 To hear ye sing again,
 Gin ye would lilt anither tune,
 An' sing a sang o' hame.
 Ye've sung o' caskets broken up,
 Where hearts' best hopes ye stow;
 Ye point me to a wanderer's grave,
 Upon a foreign shore;

Ye tell me hame is hame *nas* mair,
 To you an exile noo,
 An' gin' I thocht a' joy was fled,
 I e'en might think wi' you.

But glaumer whiles come o'er my e'en,
 An' witchcraft ower my heart,
 An' steals my willing mind awa'
 To Clyde, or rowin' Cart;
 Whare wi' the fishing line, or boat,
 I think I'm young again,
 Syne whan my vision fleets awa',
 I wish I war at hame

Or through the fields I laughin rin,
 Or clim' the beechnit trees,
 Or loup the hedge wi' watery teeth,
 To pree the farmer's peas;
 Or sittin' on a mossy bank,
 Wl' ane I winna name,
 Sic thochts gie dirling through my heart—
 I wish I were at hame.

The past has been sae full o' gloom,
 The present blacker seems,
 An' frae the thick veil'd future's face,
 I canna draw the screens;
 Look east or west upon the earth,
 Where'er you like to name,
 I canna' see a sunlight spot,
 But when I look at hame.

I feel that God's been kind to me,
 I ken I shouldna pine,
 Nor greive about my faded hopes,
 Nor present moments tyne;
 But try to leeve, that when the shade
 O' death is ower me cast,
 I'm fitted for oor father's hoose—
 And then—I'm hame at last.

TH
 The
 ven
 his
 mi

THE TRUE FRIEND.

There's not a gem in earthly crown,
Nor pearl in the sea,
Can cast so rich a lustre round,
As friendship can to me.
Love cometh next, with harmony
Pure from the heart-fount's gush,
And waters thought flowers in its mild,
Calm, sorrow-soothing rush.

A noble, he, who feels their power
Flower-buddin' in his heart,
Can yield their fruits to other hands,
And nurse the thorny part.
Nay, God-like is the power of him,
To fill a cup of bliss,
Gives heart and home at friendship's shrine,
Then woos death's chilly kiss.

Search 'mid the earthquake throes below,
The star-seer's boundless path,
Where meteors flit, and comet-fires
Tell nature's day of wrath.
Yet 'mid the fire balls' dazzling light,
Or mountain heaving high,
More beautiful the heart-felt thought,
"For love and friend I die."

THE TRANSCRIPT LIBEL FUND.

The Proprietor of the Montreal "TRANSCRIPT" being sued for inadvertently publishing a false marriage, a subscription was got up in his favour, and the following sent to Mr. M'Donald, with the author's mite:—

Ye who suffering worth would succour,
Rouse ye now, a time has come;
Hard times now would still be harder
Were the printing presses dumb.
What though sometimes they may stumble,
'Tis but human should they err;

HEAR YE THE ROD.

Spurn them, if they knowing slander—
Wronged—our sympathies confer.

'Mid their many thousand items,
Read and pondered morn and night,
Wonder not at one small error,
But that they so oft are right,
Oft when deep deceit is gifted
With the power to wield a pen,
In the hurry of their labour
They may be imposed on then.

Ye who suffering worth would succour,
Rouse ye know, a time is come;
Hard times now, would still be harder,
Were the Printing Presses dumb.
See, our worthy friend, M'Donald,
Has been duped, and so must pay;
Rally round him, friends and brothers,
Here's my dollar—clear the way.

HEAR YE THE ROD.

"Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.—*Micah*, vi. 9.

Written during the Fever pestilence.

Hear ye the rod when pestilence
Is stalking to and fro,
And 'mid the homes of rich and poor
Wails woe, woe, and a woe.
Hear ye the rod when maidens fall—
Ask, who appointed it?
Are ye prepared to meet your God,
Should he in judgement sit?

Hear ye the rod when little ones
Their tiny wings expand,
And from their tribulations here
Soar for their fatherland
Hear ye the rod when youth and age
Shrink, withered, in a day—

Who hath appointed it ? who hath ?
 Say, trembling sinner, say.

Hear ye the rod ;—ask ye your hearts—
 Who hath appointed it ?
 For woe, upon our nation's walls—
 By God's own finger's writ.
 Hear ye the rod ;—Let each one ask
 How much of blame he bears,
 Thus to call forth God's dread command,
 To harvest wheat and tares.

Hear ye the rod in penitence,
 Bending the knee in prayer,
 And as death's shafts fall thick around,
 Know that God's hand is there.
 And pray ye fervently that He
 May stay th' avenging rod,
 And that men's hearts may turn again
 To serve the living God.

MEN OF CANADA.

Men of Canada be stirring,
 Stand not idly by and see
 Bigot tyrants seize your country,
 Fitted only for the free.

Cringe not to the men who ever
 Treated you with bitter scorn,
 Called you traitors, rebels, rascals,
 Till your hearts were sorrow-torn.

Are your old deep wrongs forgotten,
 Sleeps the spirit of the past ;
 Which, when roused against oppression,
 From his power the tyrant cast ?

Long ye mourned with sad misgivings,
 Waiting for the coming hour,

GREETING TO BOSTON.

When the dawn should chase oppressors,
From their mind-enslaving power.

Let your might, which oft has broken
Down corruption's servile rows,
Rise in moral strength to combat
Yet again your ancient foes.

Scathed, not dead, they live and threaten
To enchain you mind and soul,
Gird, then, for the moral conflict—
Equal rights at freedom's goal.

A CANADIAN'S GREETING TO BOSTON;

ON THE OCCASION OF THE GREAT RAILROAD JUBILEE, 1851.

Hail! gem of Massachusetts,
Hail! cradle of great things,
Hail! depot of man's intellect,
A guest this greeting brings—
A guest, who seeks in *Concord*
Oblivion for all past
That here would tend to mar our joys,
Or gloom around us cast.

I greet thee as a brother,
Though from another land,
I greet thee as one link in the
Far stretching human band;
A band, by Boston's master-minds
Brought nearer day by day,
For commerce and for intercourse
In life's untented fray.

Across the crested blue wave,
A mighty host has been;
A gathering of all nations, such
As ne'er before was seen;

Yet though no crystal palace here
Its lofty head uprears,
The influence of thy Jub'lee will
Be felt in coming years.

The memory of Lexington
May swell the throbbing heart,
And stir the young blood of thy sons
To play a noble part ;
But thy Jubilee of fifty-one,
More glorious than all,
Will, with a moral in its wake,
Upon the world fall.

Yes! gem of Massachusetts,
Let thy mighty heart leap high
And let thy banner flags stream forth
From out thy turrets high ;
For this era in thy journey,
A history-page will fill,
More fraught with good to other lands
Than the far-famed Bunker Hill.

All thoughts of strife and turmoil,
Let nations sink for aye ;
War-steeds give place to steam-horse—
Dawns of a brighter day.
The sword into the ploughshare
Be turned—that so we may
Meet year by year in peace and love
In honour of the day.

**DARKEST HOUR PRECEDES
THE DAY.**

Droop not though the limbs are weary
Toiling on your tedious way ;
Let the heart rise, hoping, upwards—
Darkest hour precedes the day.

THE DRUNKARD'S BUILDING.

Though the hands be hard with labour,
 Sweat from every pore flow free,
 Struggle nobly—trust in Heaven—
This is best for you and me.

Tyrants may oppress and mock you,
 Proud ones spurn you from their path,
 Honest hearts can pray, though aching,
 Peaceful hearts ne'er harbour wrath.

Ne'er bow down to fellow mortal ;
 Did *the One* not form mankind ?
 Noble souls are only worthy ;
 Spurn the tinsel—reverence mind.

Mind, the symbol of your Maker,
Felt by all, though never seen—
 At the last this test will try you,
 What you are—not what you've been.

Give your spirit play-room ever,
 Lag not in your forward way,
 Work, and hope while conscience whispers—
 Darkest hour precedes the day.

THE DRUNKARD'S BUILDING.

[So it is with the *body* of the drunkard ! The *house* he lives in. The workingmen building it are drunk, and putting things in a confused heap, where there ought to be a scientific arrangement of materials.—MUDGE'S DRUNKENNESS ILLUSTRATED.

Near to a village site, down in a dell,
 Where shading beeches grew on every side,
 John own'd a lot, who oft was heard to tell,
 Here will I build, when Mary is my bride ;
 And thus, from year to year, John plodded on,
 But on the lot he never raised a stone.

Unhappily for John, and many more,
 A worthy patriot, whose name was Flynn,

Who for the people's good, open'd a store,
 To sell them hardware, glass, and cloth, and gin,
 And though he sold below the market price,
 'Twas strange that he got wealthy in a trice.

John and this Flynn became the best of friends,
 And oft he called to sit and talk of trade,
 Nor thought not of how tavern friendship ends,
 Or, that 'John is a drunkard' should be said ;
 And River-freedom was discussed awhile,
 John cared not which, the Lawrence or the Nile.

John's house was shadow'd still within his mind,
 Though brick and mortar he could not afford ;
 He spent his all on *nails*,* Flynn was so kind,
 That John had not a copper for his board :
 So poor at last, he sold his lot to Flynn,
 And were it known, all he received was gin.

A double building now went swift along,
 John's lot was speedily turned upside down ;
 And brick on brick was laid, till fast and strong,
 Flynn built a house by doing poor John brown :
 And for each brick, John's friends have often said,
 That on John's nose a carbuncle was laid.

The house John built was like the one described,
 The workmen on it were too often drunk,
 Those on the nose, those on the eyes oft jibed,
 Till John's eyes did look blear'd, and red, and shrunk.
 In fact, John's eyes led him a devious way,
 Rejoicing in a drunken holiday.

At last John's house wanted so much repair,
 That Flynn's *best nails* could do it little good ;
 His hat and coat made him look quite a scare,
 That little children ran whene'er he stood ;
 Indeed, 'twas seen that he was bound down hill,
 And John well knew 'twas one of downright ill.

* 'Another nail to my coffin'—is a familiar term for a glass of liquor just drunk ; an expression, if properly applied, containing more truth than it.

At length a sturdy temperance fellow came,
 To lecture in the village where John was ;
 John said the subject was so dry and tame,
 That he for one would not espouse the cause ;
 But, out of kindness, John was there to hear
 What evil could be said 'gainst gin and beer.

The lecturer was shrewd, and guessed some things
 That told severely on John's very state,
 And conscience, working, sometimes strange thoughts
 Said, 'Take the pledge, John, ere it be too late, [brings,
 Go, John, at once, you must from strong drink sever,
 Remember, it is "better late than never."

If there be any Johns within this land,
 I'd ring a solemn warning in their ears,
 Your country's comfort issues her command.
 And helpless little ones, amid their tears,
 Proclaim aloud—there's danger in the cup,
 Be warned in time and give your drinking up.

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

Once on a time, two little boys, sat chatting side by side,
 Upon a bank, where 'neath their feet a purling stream did glide,
 And, as they laughed at what had passed, they thought of
 future days,

And of the thorns and wayside flowers in life's oft devious ways.

High hopes were round these little boys—life's sky to them
 was clear,

And golden glories opened up, without a thought of fear,
 For world's subtleties to them were far beyond their ken,
 And oft the boyish words burst forth, "Oh, were we only men."

What lofty projects filled their minds of wealth and high renown.
 While from the topmast niche of fame they brought their
 trophies down ;

And one owned land in acres wide, and arbour hanging trees,
 The other rolled in gold and gems, brought from the Indian seas.

And one would build a noble house, with garden and with
lawn,
Whereon the stately deer would browse with gentle timid
fawn,
And then the other laughed outright,—as thus they sketched
out life—
The little rogue thought in his mind—"Ah, then I'll have a
wife "

Thus did these little artless boys converse from day to day,
While o'er their heads slow moving time held on its certain
way ;
And week by week, and year by year, brought round the mo-
ment when,—
Those little boys were boys no more, but now were grown to
men.

Fond ties had sprung up with their growth, and purer feelings
felt,
Than can inspire the wealthiest lord that e'er to mammon knelt ;
Yet there were still within their hearts vast yearnings to
fulfill,
And forth they ventured both at last to climb life's rugged hill.

The one he hied him o'er the sea, with gold hopes for his
store,
The other treasure-castles built with high hopes on the shore ;
But *custom*, stronger far than they whose principle is small,
Soon told that from their golden flight that one or both would
fall.

Year followed year, yet still the goal of wealth seemed far
away,
And hopes which heretofore looked bright, now shone with
darker ray ;
For in their hearts the poison cup threw its false pleasures
up,
And hopes of those two boys were drowned within the drunk-
ard's cup.

Oh, may the youthful mind, with us, be tempered with right
views,
And taught to spurn earth's gilded baits, and peaceful path-
ways choose ;
So they may from the nation throw its deep polluting load,
And draw "Young Canada" from sin, to seek the living
God.

VOLUNTEER MARCHING SONG.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF CANADA.

Never, in old song or story,
Were a band so ripe for glory ;
Side by side, we march in order,
To keep foes from off our border.
 Left and right, boys ; left and right ;
 Strong in courage, strong in might ;
 Should our country ever call,
 March we forward, one and all.

Who would flinch when dangers dare us ?
Where's the foe that ere could scare us ?
Though to war we may be strangers,
Yet we fear not death or dangers.
 Left and right, boys ; left and right ;
 Strong in courage, strong in might ;
 Should our country ever call,
 March we forward, one and all.

Rifles handy, bayonets glancing,
Bugles sounding, war-steeds prancing,
Guns may rattle, we'll be steady,
With our watchword—always ready.
 Left and right, boys ; left and right ;
 Strong in courage, strong in might ;
 Should our country ever call,
 March we forward, one and all.

Our Canadian homes we cherish,
 To defend them we would perish,
 Queen and Country—British laws,
 Who would ask a better cause?

Left and right, boys; left and right;
 Strong in courage, strong in might;
 Should our country ever call,
 March we forward, one and all.

THE LAST OF ITS RACE.

Cold chilly December had come,
 The snow it lay deep on the ground,
 In stove-heated parlour I sat,
 While cold winds were beating around.

I thought on the houseless and poor,
 With a tender compassionate tear,
 But was suddenly roused with a start,
 By a light little touch on the ear.

My eyes I turned quickly around—
 They chanced in a moment to fall,
 On a poor lonely weak little thing,
 That supported itself 'gainst the wall.

I gazed on the lone one awhile,
 And then on the bleakness without,
 The silent appeal that it made,
 I neither could scoff at nor scout.

Its poor little head seemed so bare,
 It neither had stockings nor shoes,
 Nor jacket, nor vest, nor cravat—
 'Twas cold-like—without even trews.

"I'm weary," it seemed as 'twould say,
 I'm nearly a-dead with the cold,
 Take pity upon me, oh, do—
 For I've neither silver nor gold.

My brothers and sisters are dead,
 No friend on the earth can I trace,
 Beneath the deep snow they all lie,
 And now, I'm the last of my race.

I flew to my cupboard with speed,
 My heart beat, I thought I would cry,
 "Come live here," I faltering said,
 Thou poor little winter-starved *fly*.

REFLECTION.

In winter remember the poor,
 Oh, let them not shiver and die,
 Our charity should not stop short
 With harbouring merely a fly.

There are widows, the last of their race,
 There are orphans, the last of theirs too,
 And the cloud that now hangs over them,
 May speedily hang over you.

CANADA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

AT A BANQUET GIVEN TO CANADIAN GUESTS IN THE CITY OF
 ST. JOHN, 1864, THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS READ :

Brothers of Brunswick, thanks, kind thanks
 We give you for your greeting.
 Deep in our hearts will be impressed
 This grand fraternal meeting,
 And may the seed now sown bring forth,
 If not Confederation,
 At least the knowledge—here's the stuff—
 To form a noble nation.

Strangers no more, let hand go forth,
 And with the hand the heart,
 That from this first love's solemn pledge,
 We never will depart;

But hand to hand and foot to foot,
 All common foes we'll dare,
 And in each other's good or ill
 Each will a portion share.

The heroes of the fatherland—
 Philosopher—*Savant*—
 Historian, Poet, Orator,
 "Or any other man."

Let them be neither your's nor mine,
 But ours for rights we own,
 As subjects of a noble realm,
 And good Queen on the Throne.

And may the Press, mighty in power,
 The fourth state of the realm,
 Stand steadily and fearlessly
 With those placed at the helm,
 So that our nation's birth be watched.
 And guarded from bad leaven,
 That our grand ship of State may reach
 The safely sheltered haven.

Brothers of Brunswick! thanks, kind thanks
 We give you for your greeting.
 May good to all come forth from this,
 Our first and happy meeting,
 And, as Canadians, we will pray,
 Free from all hate and spleen,
 May Brunswick prosper gloriously,
 And God bless our good Queen.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
 CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, AT BELLEVILLE, 1884.

Brethren of the Press, I greet you,
 Happy thus once more to meet you,
 To renew our kind fraternals,
 Free from all our young *infernals*!

Whose capacious "copy" maw,
Never fills the "devil" jaw.

Now while off from *impial* hawlings,
And all other sanctum callings—
Let us con the year's proceedings,
And the sum of our secedings,
Adding, too, our annual fruitings,
By our pen and ink recruitings.

Men of mighty mission—press-men,
Vigorous as college fresh-men ;
Ready, aye with pens and presses—
Despite frowns or vice-carresses,
Like old Briton's hardy seamen,
Guarding all that's dear to freemen ;
Trouncing tyrants, lashing traitors,
And all ranks of England haters ;
But to brothers—those we love,
Gentle as the turtle dove.
Thus o'er heart-fonts scratched or batter'd,
Oil of love our band has scatter'd—
By the evil we help smother,
Ne'er retorting "you're another ;"
But with—"Brother", oh, for shame,
Slur no brother's honest name."

Think you, craftsmen, in your banding,
We've not raised our social standing ?
Curbed no devil in our steel-pen,
In our raids on brother Pressmen,
When with angry eyes a-glancing,
We have seen *be*-sheets advancing ;
Filled with ire, and hate, and passion,
A la mode—Beelzebub fashion.
Filled beside with lies and slander,
Say—has this not roused our dander ?
And called up revengeful feeling,
Heart against all good thought stealing—

Till our Press Association,
 Beamed out in its sublimation,
 And withheld the taunting sneerer,
 Or the back-cut lash severer;
 Pointing to the good old story,
 That the greatest act of glory
 Is not found in blood-bought battles,
 Storing up of lands or chattels,
 Ships or houses, power or pelf,
 But man ruling well himself.
 So, the greatest in our ken,
 He who ruleth well his pen.

Startled thus from anger conning,
 Heart a softer feeling donning,
 Down the fire-pen would be dashed,
 From the mind the hard word flashed,
 To the goal of good-will floated—
 There the bitter word be bloated,
 And the lesson taught that never
 Should we spurn "good Lord deliver."
 Ne'er forget the glorious sentence,
 Thus placed at our altar's entrance.
 Brethren, print it for a warning.
 Wear it for our heart's adorning,
 Thus when evil temptings hover,
 And good sense would play the rover,
 Bring the truant to the traces,
 Bind him in these golden braces—
 Brother unto brother do,
 All that you'd wish done to you.

Craftsmen, here in metre-hummings,
 I confess my great short-comings,—
 That when Simcoe's lake you paddled,
 I was absent—had skeddadl'd
 Down to where are deep-sea soundings,
 Where old ocean has its boundings;
 Where the fog and mist discloses
 Sturdy Britons with Blue-noses,

Where New Scotia and New Brunswick,
 Gaze out on the wide Atlantic ;
 Where Prince Edward and Newfoundland.
 Look to this our river boundland—
 Dreaming we could be a nation,
 By a great Confederation ;
 That, united, none could scare us,
 Sneer at, curse at, nor yet dare us ;
 That if backed by British Lion
 To molest us none would try-on.

Since then all has been commotion,
 Back has rolled the tide from ocean ;
 Delegates from tidal flowings,
 With Confederation glowings,
 Have made inroads on our border,
 Not with shot or shell disorder,
 But with calm and peaceful feelings,
 Waiting Canada's revealings ;
 Urging that a five-fold mingle
 Stouter far is than a single ;
 That one foot on the Pacific,
 Should excite no thought terrific,
 And the other on th' Atlantic,
 Ought to drive no neighbour frantic,
 But be rather the inception
 Of a jubilee conception,
 Hovering o'er in animation,
 Birthday of a free-born nation.
 Politicians, patriots, placemen,
 And all other " fat-take " racemen ;
 Though not free from rank pollution,
 Mingle in the revolution—
 Evil for a time may prop-up—
 Good men yet will reach the top-up.

Then the masses will be happy,
 O'er their tea or o'er their nappy,
 Then will come an age of wonder,
 Then will slave-chains burst asunder ;

The
 ed
 soci

Then each man may be a caliph,
 Fearing neither beak nor bailiff.
 Money plenty, land for asking,
 All be masters, none be tasking,
 None dishonest, no wine-bibbers,
 Printers have paid-up subscribers,
 Sun aye shining, no rain drizzle—
 If all end not in — a fizzle.

Brethren, herein much I've blended,
 Now my yearly task is ended,
 Scanning over every letter,
 Some may think they could do better;
 But, I pray, use charity,
 Gift the greatest of the three.

The following three pieces were written for the "*Canadian Press*," printed on board the steamer 'ALGOMA,' on the occasion of the Press Association Excursion to Fort William, July, 1868:—

THE DEAR ONES AT HOME.

Speed, speed, "Algoma," on,
 My heart longs to be free,
 To meet the darling one,
 That sweetly smile on me.
 Thick fogs are on the lake,
 Dark looms the inland sea;
 What care I for all these,
 At home are smiles for me.

Superior's coast may teem
 With mines of richest ore,
 But what are these compar'd
 To lov'd ones on the shore.
 Then speed "Algoma," on,
 Though all around are charms,
 I long to have my weary head
 Laid in my dear one's arms.

THE BOAT MINSTREL.

There's glancing eyes around,
 And forms divinely fair,
 But none in all the beauteous throng
 With my love can compare.
 Then speed "Algoma," on,
 Though all around are charms,
 I long to have my weary head
 Laid in my dear one's arms.

THE BOAT MINSTREL.

DEDICATED TO MISS PARNELL.

Sing, sweet lady, sing,
 Till the soft echoes ring
 In the wild woods around,
 The sweet tones will resound;
 And the whip-poor-will there,
 Will be lured by the snare
 Of the silver-toned swells of thy lay.

To the notes of thy song,
 The boat glides along;
 And the fog flies away
 As 'twere opening day.
 Even Nature, an hour,
 Bows low to thy power,
 And yieldeth her homage to thee.

Then sing, lady, sing,
 Let the sweet echoes ring—
 While the headlands appear,
 We all listen to hear
 Thy wild warbling notes
 Trill through the green grove,
 As the echoes fly over the bay.

THE PARTING.

Soon the faltering tongue must whisper,
 Parting words of fond adieu,
 Soon our evening re-unions
 Must be lost to me and you.
 Days of pleasure we have tasted,
 With our lady friends on board,
 Seen the riches of the North-West—
 All the scenes the lakes afford.

Music, song and recitation,
 Have our evening hours employed,
 Time would fail to tell the story
 Of our pleasures unalloyed.
 Mrs. Wilkes, with grace and talent,
 Music's charms hath well displayed,
 Mrs. Buckingham, as ever,
 All hearts by her sweet songs away'd.

Misses Kordes and Cameron, also,
 Mrs. Olimie—Mrs. Tye;
 Miss Parnell have left impressions
 On the heart and on the eye.
 On the pebbly shore we've wander'd,
 On the rocks and in the glen,
 Been delighted with the roaring
 Of the wild ones in "the den."

Ladies' eyes have been around us,
 Ladies' smiles kind glances shed;
 Now I pray that Heaven's blessing
 May be shower'd on every head
 Farewell, friends, and should we never
 Hold re-unions here again,
 May all meet in that fair haven,
 Where there's neither grief nor pain.

PRESS POEM.

The author having been appointed Poet Laureate for the Press Association, for 1868, delivered the following at the Association Meeting held at Collingwood, on the 10th July, of that year:—

The Poet's prophecy stands firm to-day—
 "Westward the *Press* of empire wends its way."
 Ours with a northern wend, to scan the coast
 To enterprise and commerce too long lost;
 Where, on the surface, one may scratch at will,
 And with the glittering metal vessels fill
 Down to the ocean's dip; thence to the mart
 Of the great world—there to play its part.
 Come Hudson's Bay—come, Lake Superior, too,
 Yield ye your spoils to our Dominion new;
 Each has its mission—mine to tell the world
 Canada has her *Dominion* flag unfurled.

Wake, typographic harp, if such there be,
 And set my notes in line and harmony;
 Invest the poet with the power to sway
 The muse's lever, on this festive day.

When last we met, some sneer'd in silent scorn
 The soarings of a nation just then born,
 While others outspoke aspirations raised
 That party cries should cease—as it was phrased;
 Some murmur'd "sham!"—no matter what the cry—
 Both, I much fear, had spoils before the eye.

Dominion now for Canada we claim,
 And there is really something in a name;
 Dominion!—soon we'll rule from sea to sea—
 (Only part blue-nose from his bonnet-bee,)
 Scotia of old, when union first was broach'd,
 With very fury curs'd, and kick'd, and *hotch'd*;
 But she had given a King—took England in—
 And union paid her back that royal sin.
 A Nova Governor might end the rite
 And help to purge our way-ward sister's bile;

Dove-tail the provinces so they would match,
 And end the fight without a single scratch.
 Howe—minus *land*--would settle soon the matter,
 But *Howe*, with *land*, has now become the squatter;
Howland is happy, *Howe* is not well pleased—
 He went in *Lemons*, and he came out squeezed.

God bless the New Dominion, pray we all;
 God bless our people, be they great or small,
 Bless her broad lakes, her forests and her fields,
 Bless all the produce the Dominion yields,
 Grant her long peace, and distant be the day
 When swords are drawn, and scabbards thrown away;
 Live and let live our motto, as we go,
 Never intruding—never fearing foe.
 And bless our rulers, for they want it much,
 Especially the Irish, French and Dutch;
 For Britons in their lofty pride and ease
 Think themselves bless'd—"Britannia rules the seas"—
 Therefore no blessing want; but this is fudge,
 For no men want it more—if I'm to judge.

Here let me pause and soberly reflect—
 Unblessed men! what would be the effect?
 No man in Canada should rule the rod,
 Who honors not the Queen—who fears not God.
 Let Legislation follow earnest prayer,
 And let the people duly do their share;
 Then might we hope to see a happy land,
 Prosperity with freedom hand in hand.

God bless our cousins on the southern shore,
 Bless them in health, in basket and in store;
 True to themselves, to their own country leal,
 Bearing, forbearing for the nation's weal;
 Respecting all that's really good and true--
 Doing to others as they'd be done to
 Canadian's feel a pride in their success,
 Why should our cousins seek to make us less;

Religion, language, laws; all are the same—
There's scope enough for each to strive for fame.

The liberty of speech is ours, as theirs;
The Press an equal freedom, also shares;
Our hands, like theirs, can use the spade or hoe,
Or grasp the rifle, should we meet a foe.
We've mines to dig, and lands that may be sown,
Streams wooing mills, and forests to cut down.
All men are welcome, be they rich or poor,
There's room for each on our Dominion floor.
So 'tis with cousin Jonathan,—then why
At each the other's throat in anger fly?
Forbid it, Heaven, that war should ere arise;
Instead, let's aim to grasp the peaceful prize—
Freemen on every side—then there would be
Peace and Prosperity from sea to sea.

What Statesman now will tower above the crowd,
And dash from our fair land the looming cloud
Flash'd in the murmurs high taxation brings,
Humm'd in the air the opposition sings.
Stamps, coal-oil, tea,—the *Word* is even made
To bear it's burden, as if mix'd with trade.
We trust *our Rose* will shortly deem it meet,
To change all this, so he may still 'smell sweet';
Else he may have to bear the snuffy grue
Felt at the olden cry "Wha wants me noo."
From highest to the lowest—let each strive
T' expel all drones from the Dominion hive.
Let honest labor have its due reward,
O B's and K's all honour and regard;
So, too, the opposition, to be true,
Should censure only where censure is due.
The people then in mild, but conscious mood,
Would crush the evil and uphold the good.

God bless our Queen, and may she ever be
Secured by bulwarks of true loyalty;

Long may she reign, though widow'd and alone,
To show that virtue best adorns a throne.
Oh, keep the motherland from war's alarms,
Safely to nestle in her people's arms.
First in the march of freedom may she be—
The oppress'd find succour when they to her flee;
Ready as ever in her power and might
To trounce the tyrant and support the right;
Her name respected, as it was of old,
Where'er the union banner we unfold—
Be it on Abyssinia's rugged shore,
The plains of India, or cold Labradore.

Now ends my task in plain and simple rhyme,
I've tuned my reed in rough and tumble time.
With this I close—May our Association
Become the glory of our new-born nation;
Tilting "free-lances" for the weal of masses,
The fear of tyrants, and the scourge of—asses.

MY HEARTH AND HOME.

My hearth and my home may be lowly,
My home and my hearth may be bare,
But there's warmth in the hearts of its circle,—
And the poor still find something to share.
The wind may sweep fierce through the pine logs,
The rain may drop, drop on the floor,
But the hearts round my hearth and my home are
Ne'er closed to the plea of the poor.

My hearth and my home may be lowly,
My hearth and my home may be bare,
But there's warmth in the hearts of its circle—
And the poor still find something to share.

Should sadness come over my pathway,
Or sorrow sink deep in my heart,
I then turn instinctively homeward,
As the mariner turns to his chart.

My hearth and my home has a solace,

A balm for each wound as 'tis given ;

My hearth and my home is an emblem

Of the peace that we dream of in Heaven.

My hearth and my home may be lowly, &c.

I care not where'er I may wander,

On mountain, in valley, on sea,

I know in my home that my lov'd ones

Round the hearth are aye praying for me.

My home-gems I prize above riches,

They are jewels not purchased with gold,

And when life and its struggles are over,

May we all join God's Hearth-Home and fold.

My hearth and my home may be lowly, &c.